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HOTEL METROPOLE
AND
WHITEHALL ROOMS } LONDON.
HOTEL VICTORIA, LONDON.
FIRST AVENUE HOTEL, LONDON.
CLIFTONVILLE HOTEL, MARCAVE.
LORD WARDEN HOTEL, DOVER.

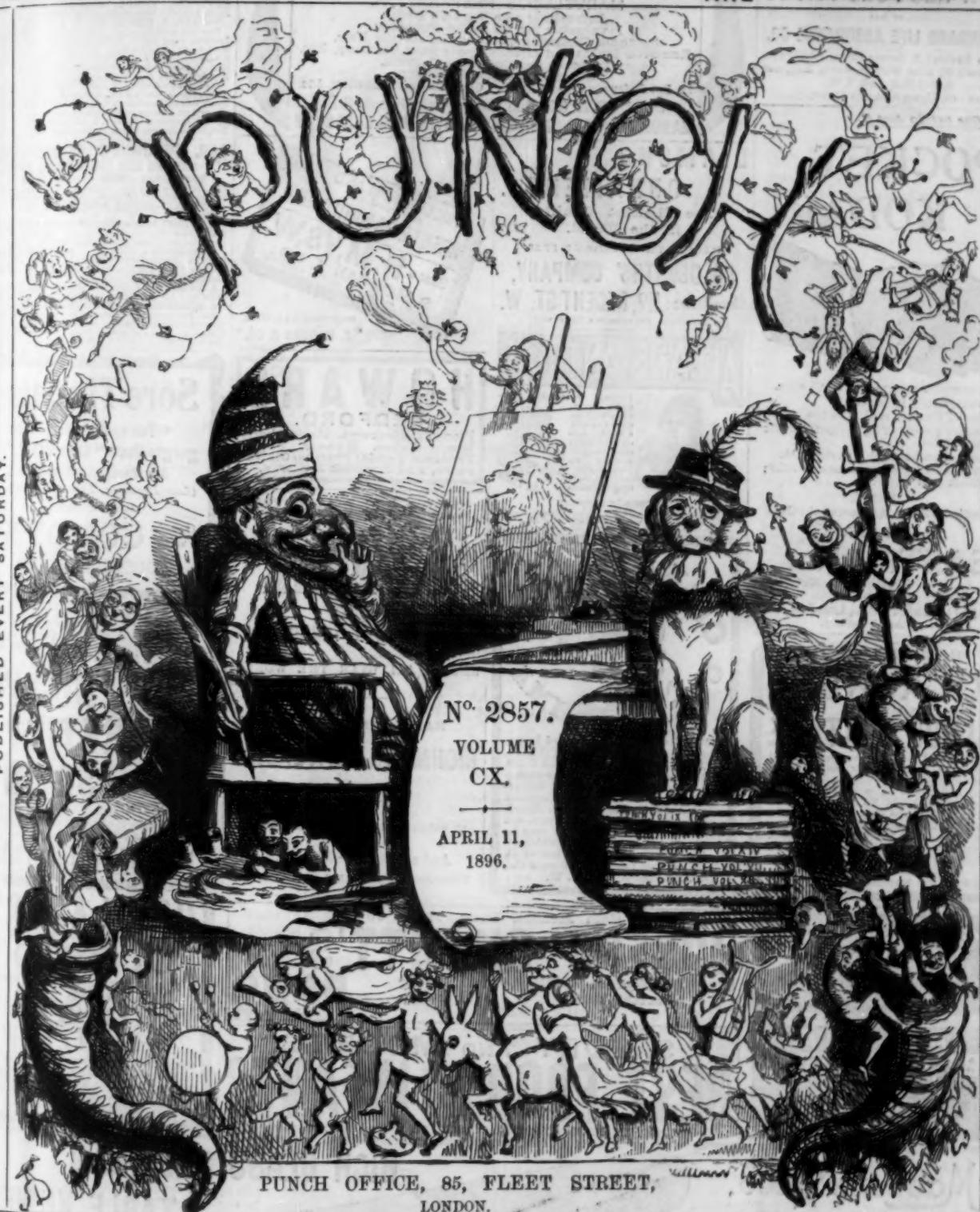
THE

THE GORDON HOTELS

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CLARENCE ROOMS BRIGHTON.
BURLINGTON HOTEL, EASTBOURNE.
ROYAL PIER HOTEL, RYDE, I. W.
HOTEL METROPOLE, MONTE CARLO.
HOTEL METROPOLE, CANNES.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.



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A complete camera on a small scale.
Weighs only $\frac{1}{2}$ ounce.
Size of Picture, $\frac{1}{2} \times \frac{1}{2}$ inches.
Carries a spool of light-tight film for 12 exposures.
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CLARKE'S WORLD-FAMED BLOOD MIXTURE

Is warranted to cleanse the blood from all impurities, from whatever cause arising. For Scrofula, Scurvy, Eczema, Bad Legs, Skin and Blood Diseases, Pimples and Sores of all kinds, its effects are marvellous. It is the only real specific for Gout and Rheumatic Pains, for it removes the cause from the blood and bones. Thousands of wonderful cures have been effected by it. In bottles, 2s. 6d. and 11s. each, of Chemists everywhere.

BEWARE OF WORTHLESS IMITATIONS.

FEED YOUR CHILDREN
ON
D.RIDGE'S
PATENT COOKED FOOD

**ASTHMA
BRONCHITIS**
DIFFICULT BREATHING, ETC.
FAIRLY RELIEVED BY
DATURA TATULA,
SAVORY & MOORE, LONDON
AND OF CHEMISTS EVERYWHERE

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(Facing the Mansion House.)

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PURELY VEGETABLE. Perfectly Harmless; will reduce 2 lbs. a week; acts on the food in stomach, preventing its conversion into fat. Sold by all Chemists.

Send stamp for pamphlet.
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JOSEPH GILLOTT'S
Of Highest Quality, and Having
Greatest Durability, are Therefore
CHEAPEST.

**SAVORY AND MOORE'S
BEST FOOD FOR INFANTS**
USED IN THE ROYAL NURSERIES. Tins, 1s., 2s., 5s., and 10s., everywhere.

Illustrated Price Lists Post Free.

TRY IT IN YOUR BATH.
SCRUBB'S Cloudy Household **AMMONIA**
MARVELLOUS PREPARATION.
Refreshing as a Turkish Bath.
Invaluable for all Toilet Purposes.
Splendid Cleansing Preparation for the Hair.
Removes Stains and Grease Spots from Clothing, Etc.
Restores the Colour to Carpets.
Cleans Plates and Jewellery.
12. Bottles for six to ten Baths. Of all Grocers, Chemists, Etc.
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DIAMOND ORNAMENTS.

The Choicest Quality
in the World.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FREE.

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PURELY VEGETABLE. Perfectly Harmless; will reduce 2 lbs. a week; acts on the food in stomach, preventing its conversion into fat. Sold by all Chemists.

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ADAPTED FOR THE
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Sizes H. M. V. S. W.
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HOWARD
BEDFORD.
Ploughs, Harrows, Haymakers,
Horse Rakes, Mowers, Straw
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SWEETENED TOBACCO,

KNOWN ALL OVER THE WORLD.

MANUFACTURED BY THE
RICHMOND CAVENDISH
Co., LTD.,

AT THEIR BONDED WORKS, LIVERPOOL.

And retailed by all first-class
tobacconists at home and abroad.

ORIENT COMPANY'S YACHTING CRUISES.

For GREECE, CONSTANTINOPLE, &c.
The steamship LUSITANIA, 3,267 tons register, will leave Liverpool on Monday, April 27, day cruise, visiting GIBRALTAR, MALAGA, VALENCIA, ALMERIA, MALTA, KATAKOLO, KAUPPLA, PIREUS, ATHENS, DELOS, SMYRNA, CONSTANTINOPLE, SANTO DOMINGO, TUNIS, ALGIERS, arriving at PIREUS May 1st, and return May 16th, May.

For SICILY, VENICE, CORFO, ALBANY, &c.
The GARONNE, 2,876 tons register, will leave London on Saturday, April 22nd, arriving at MALAGA, VALENCIA, TAORMINA, VENICE, RAJAH, CORTINA, &c., PHILIPPEVILLE (for Constantine), ORBAN, ALGERIA, arriving at Plymouth 29th May, and London 2nd June.

String band, electric lights, high-class cuisine. Managers: F. Green & Co., Anderson, Anderson & Co. Hotel de la Paix, March Avenue. For particulars of above and of later cruises apply to the latter firm, at 6, Fenwick Avenue, London, E.C., or to the West End Branch Office, 16, Cockspur Street, S.W.

MR. PEROWNE'S CO-OPERATIVE CRUISES AND EDUCATIONAL TOURS.

A. TEN-GUINEA SWISS TOURS. Days Five, the Engadine and the Italian Lakes, Grindelwald, and Zermatt. (May to September.)

B. SIXTEEN-GUINEA ROMAN TOURS. (Spring and Autumn.)

C. TWENTY-GUINEA CRUISE TO THE NORTHERN CAPITALS (May and September). St. Petersburg, Copenhagen, Christiansia, and Stockholm. 25 days.

D. EIGHTEEN - GUINEA MEDITERRANEAN CRUISE (September to October). Lisbon, Tangier, Malaga (for Granada), Algiers, Tunis, Sicily, Corfu, and the Riviera. 23 days.

E. TWENTY-ONE GUINEA PALESTINE CRUISE (Nov. and Jan.). Palestine, Egypt, Sicily, and Malta.

F. INDIA AND CHINA AND JAPAN CRUISES.

The Baltic and Mediterranean Cruises, and the magnificent s.s. "Midnight Sun," 5,108 tons register, 3,800 h.p. Plans of steamers, and full details, from the Secretary, 5, Endsleigh Gardens, London, S.W.

HOLD EVERYWHERE.

Gargle with **CONDY'S REMEDIAL FLUID.**

TAKE A HINT! If you awake in the morning with a pain across the eyes, a sense of dulness in the head, a furred and discolored tongue, BE WARNED! Get a bottle of—

LAMPLOUGH'S PYRETIC SALINE

put a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water, and drink while it effervesces. If necessary, repeat in about two hours.

IT WILL SPEAK FOR ITSELF.

ROWLANDS' ODONTO
a pure, fragrant, non-gritty tooth powder;

WHITENS THE TEETH,
prevents decay, and sweetens the breath.

It is most exquisitely perfumed, and is a perfect toilet luxury for all who value the appearance of their teeth.
2s. 9d. per box. Sold everywhere.

HIGH CLASS SHEFFIELD TABLE KNIVES.



CURZON AND CRISES.

The mystery of Isis
A wonder to the wise is :
Yet 'tis, though fraught
With marvel, naught,
To—CURZON on a Crisis !
Our clever Mr. CURZON
Is a superior person.
A sage more "poz"
There never was
For bard to turn a verse on.
He told us, in the Autumn,
That Crises,—when we "caught"
'em,—

Were always due
To some Rad crew;
About no Tory brought 'em.
England was calm and sober,
As a bland air by AUBER,
Since SALISBURY came
Our foes to tame :—
But that was last October !
We never, never, never
From peace were like to sever
While CECIL great
Controlled the State,
With CURZON, young and clever.
But the Springtime, Crises,—
Despite CURZON's "advices,"—
Were plentiful
With poor JOHN BULL
As hot-cross buns or less.
The Turk turned cross and
cranky ;
The Dutchman and the Yankee
Raised rows, despite
Sage SALISBURY's sleight,
And CURZON's hanky-panky.
The Muscovite and Teuton
Our troubles were not mute on.
To calculate
The cares of State
Might floor Sir ISAAC NEWTON.



AN HONEST PENNY.

"WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN DOING ALL DAY?"
"WRITING AN ARTICLE FOR THE GADFLY."
"WHO ABOUT?" "ROBERT BROWNING."
"SUPPOSE YOU'VE READ A LOT OF HIM?"
"NOT I! BUT I MET HIM ONCE AT AN AFTERNOON TEA."

A MONTE CARLO HOTEL BILL.

THE following, as an improvement on the present system of insufficient charges, is respectfully offered to the Hotel Proprietors of the Principality of Monaco. It is hoped that this specimen of an account for one small bedroom for one night will convince those gentleman that the new method is an admirable one, and worthy of immediate adoption.

HÔTEL SPLENDIDE ET DES MINES D'OR.

Note de M. John Robinson, No. 1536.

	F. C.	F. C.	
Chambre	12 0	Bain de siège	3 0
Service de l'hôtel	2 0	Eau froide	1 50
Service de l'étage	2 0	Eau chaude	2 0
Service de la chambre	2 0	Air tiède, extra sec	5 0
Électricité	2 0	Soleil (la journée, à 27° Centigrade)	27 0
Lumière	2 0	Ciel bleu (couleur locale, réservée)	7 0
Bougie	5 0	Divers	31 25
Lit (oreiller compris)	5 0	Café au lait	2 0
Chaises (deux, à 3 fcs.)	6 0	Café	2 0
Miroir	2 0	Eau	2 0
Table	2 50	Lait	2 0
Fenêtre	4 0	Divers	47 5
Porte (clef comprise)	3 50		
Plafond	4 0		
Parquet (tapis compris)	7 50		
Murs (quatre, à 3 fcs.)	12 0		
Divers	24 75	Fos. 230 5	

MUSICAL NOTE.—A new version of Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN's popular song is being prepared for the use of omnibus and tram conductors, under the title of "No, jolly Jenkins!"

TO BE HOPED FOR AFTER THE SUDAN CAMPAIGN.—Olivum cum DIONA, wiping his eyes on a union-jack handkerchief, and weeping bitterly.

To make things more chaotic—
(Oh, destiny despot!)—
• The Egyptian Sphinx
Drew into kinks
Our policy Nilotie.

In CURZON therefore troubled
That he poor Britons bubbled.
Lord! not a mite!
These crises slight
He'd willingly see doubled.

Crises—unto a Tory—
Are means of gain and glory;
But with your Rad,
If things go bad—
Why, that's another story!

EXTRACTS FROM A NEW GERMAN GRAMMAR.—The preposition *wegen*, "on account of," governs the genitive case. Example:—The ruler made a sheep's-head of himself (*hatte sich einen Schafskopf gemacht*) on account of the wire (*wegen des Depaschen*). Little WILLIAM (*der kleiner WILHELM*) is fond of (*liebt*) the drum and trumpet on account of the noise (*wegen des Lärmes*); but he fears (*fürchtet*) to vex his kind grandmother on account of the slipper (*wegen der Pantoffeln*).

MARS ET PRÉTEREA BIHIL.—The Eton contingent mustered strongest at the Public Schools Field Day at Alderhot. Naturally, for are not the boys always expected to be ready for WARRE?

A COMPETITION IN WHICH THE "SPOT" STROKE IS NOT BARRED.—American corn-dealing.

THE UNPATRIOTIC TRUSTEE.

(Fragment from a Stock Exchange Romance.)

"So you were the author of that article which stirred up strife between our country and a nation hitherto well disposed towards us?" said his parent, sternly.

"I am not ashamed to admit it," replied the trustee, drawing himself up to his full height, and looking his father straight in the eyes with proud humility.

"And you spread the report that one of the best of our colonies was on the point of revolt?"

"And why not? It was a part of my plan—the outcome of my duty."

"I do not understand your view of right and wrong," continued the old man, sadly. "When you were a child you used to sing 'Rule, Britannia' at your mother's knee."

"You say truly, father. But in those days, as an infant (I was considerably under one-and-twenty), I was unable to be a trustee."

"And has this new dignity entirely changed your nature?"

"No, not entirely. But I feel I must work my utmost for those whose estate is under my special protection."

"Then you stir up strife, and do your best to ruin your nation—to bring your country to the eve of bankruptcy—as a trustee?"

"You put the matter too strongly. I would not absolutely ruin my country. I would, for instance, not cause a repudiation of the National Debt. In fact, such a course as that to which I have referred would be inimical to my interests as a trustee."

"As a trustee! As a trustee!" cried the old man, angrily. "You always speak as a trustee! Why do you always speak as a trustee?"

"Because, father, I am one! I admit that I have been guilty of all of which you have accused me, and I will tell you the reason. Father, I have recently sold out of Consols at 110 on behalf of my *cessiu que trust*, and I want to bring down the funds—I frankly admit it—to something under 90 before I reinvest the money. And now, father—as a trustee—can you blame me?"

But the old man could not reply. He was busily engaged in



WELCOME!

Britannia, "COME IN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! GLAD TO GIVE YOU A DECENT ROOF OVER YOUR HEADS AT LAST!"

[The New National Portrait Gallery was opened to the public on Saturday, April 4, 1896.]

VOICES FROM THE NEW BRITISH VALHALLA.

(Overheard by Mr. Punch in the New National Portrait Gallery on the eve of the Easter Holidays.)

"From these walls to-day, nearly eight centuries of British and allied history look down upon us in the persons of some of their principal characters."—*Daily News*.]

Nell Gwynne. Well, here we are, housed in a palace again, and at home at last!

Goldsmith. In all our London wanderings here and there,

In all our shifts—and we have had our share—I still had hopes, ere Time's last tocsin rang, In high palatial walls, like those to hang. I still had hopes, for pride was ever mine, Amidst kings, queens, and heroes bright to shine; Around my frame a holiday group to draw, And strike a gaping Cockney crowd with awe; And as great JOHNSON, whom great REYNOLDS drew, Points to the place whence with regret he flew. I still had hopes, my long vexatious past, Here to hang high and have a home at last.

O—

Johnson. Sir, that sufficeth! If Art is long, that is no reason why poetic parody should be prolix. For my own part, I would rather have hung in Fleet Street, in the vicinity of Temple Bar, which I regret to hear the revolutionary iconoclasts of a democratic day have ruthlessly removed from its ancient and time-honoured site. The worse than Whig dogs! 'Tis pity their own empty noddles do not adorn it, as in my time they would doubtless have done.

How rarely reason guides the People's choice, Rules the Whig hand, or prompts the Tory voice! How nations sink, by rash reforms oppress'd, When senates listen to the Mob's request! Democracy wings each afflictive dart, Distorteth Nature and degradeth Art! With fatal heat rebellious rashness glows, With fatal fluency Rad rhetoric flows, Impeachment stops not the bold traitor's breath, And restless rowdiness meets not death.

Elizabeth (briskly). Marry come up! hath mine illustrious successor, VICTORIA, neither headsman and block nor rack and thumbscrew, to take order with traitors and spouters of sedition?

Henry VIII. Verily, yes, my daughter, in effigy, or in rust, at the Tower, which is now, as we shall hereafter be, a holiday-show for England's modern ruler—the Easter Monday mob!

Elizabeth (hotly). By mine halidom, I hold it foul scorn—

Charles II. Odds-fish, madam! Illustrious effigies should not excite themselves about the vulgar vagaries of the modern tag-rag-and-boottail.

Washington (coldly). Your Majesties forget that I have lived since ye died.

George III. Why—why—why, so much the worse, O rival and rebellious George! Short work would they have made with your monstrous Monroe Doctrine, which even a CECIL now seems too much disposed to parley and palter with.

Milton. "George did but prompt the age to quit their cloths By the known rules of ancient liberty."

Methinks, however, that "CROMWELL, our chief of men," admitted in effigy, though not—shame on Englishmen!—at Westminster, would have taught the "Unspeakable Turk" a sterner lesson in Armenia than the modern CECIL finds "diplomatic."

Garrick (cheerily). Tilly-vally, Illustrious Ones, how sombre and solemn, how pompous and pragmatically ye all are! At holiday season, too! Verily ye will not, at this rate, add much to the merriment of the Holiday Mob, or of that somewhat sardonic person, the British Workman, but the rather tend, as SAMUEL said of my decease, to "eclipse the gaiety of nations."

Chaucer. "—some men be too curious In studie, or too melancholius."

But let not this "temple for portraiture" be less lightsome than my earlier "House of Fame."

Byron. Right, my cheery "Well of English," undefiled (though sometimes, perhaps, a trifle thick and obscure). Emperors and kings (like most poets) are dull dogs, as QUENVEDO could tell you, and ALFRED THE LITTLE demonstrate. Whether opening picture galleries and museums, &c., on Sundays will brighten the lives of the sons of toil and seduce them from the venal shrines of the vulgar Bacchus as much as LUBBOCK and others imagine, is a question on which sentimentalists and cynics may take opposite views. But since we are "hung up to make a British holiday," let us not be as dull and cantankerous as modern Parliamentary debates, or the leaden lays of little would-be laureates.



OUR SMOKING CONCERT.

Irate Member. "WELL, I'LL TAKE MY OATH I CAME IN A HAT!"

Gay.

Life is a jest, and all things show it To all—except a Minor Poet!

Beaconsfield. Humph! Gaiety is a dangerous game to play with "Bozotic BULL," as chaffy ROSEBERRY is finding to his cost, and even the Rhodian rhetorician of Malwood knows, though he does judiciously qualify laborious sparkle with Philistine ponderosity. How say you, Swan?

Shakespeare (with calm cheer). "There are a sort of men whose visages

Do cream and mantle like a standing pond,
And do a wilful stillness entertain,
With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit."

In Venice, *Gratiano* dubbed them "Sir Oracles." In England, they are known as rigid Sabbatarians. Like *Gratiano*, let us "fish not with this melancholy bait for this fool gudgeon." Here at last we be gathered in a great and worthy home. If we can give somewhat of pleasure to the proletariat, and lend something of brightness and beauty and brain to the proletariat holiday or the Puritanical Sabbath, we may indeed do a work worthy of worthies, even though it fall as far short of the hopes of enthusiasts as of the fears of those canting croakers who "sit like their grandmothers cut in alabaster," and prophecy perpetually of wickedness and woe.

Omnes (including Mr. Punch). Hear, hear! Let us learn of the greatest of genial sages, nourish modestly all good human hopes, and do unpretentiously our pleasant best.

A STORE OF NEW JESTS.

[“The Faithful Men of Jever,” a place near the North Sea coast of Germany, are, according to their custom every Spring, sending Prince BISMARCK a hundred and one plovers’ eggs for his birthday.]

PRINCE B-SM-RCK, addressing our distinguished representative, Count BEN TROVATO, who has forwarded the report to us, and speaking excellent Anglo-German, observed, *a propos* of these Easter Eggs, “Ja, Herr, of deser eggs I lofe der vite, und do durroly abrosshantz a good yoka. Vancy! ein onderd-und-von good yoka! all yresh und new! No Yomiller Yokes among dem! Dey are a vortune do a Brofessional Diner-out!”



She. "BUT WHY WON'T YOU ASK MR. ROBINSON? I'M SURE HE MOVES AMONG QUITE A GOOD SET."
He. "MOVES? YES, HE'S JOLLY WELL GOT TO. THEY WON'T LET HIM STOP!"

OUR PROPERTY LIST.

[*"A volcano was put up to auction yesterday."*
Daily Paper.]

MESSRS. HAMMER AND ROSTRUM beg to call the attention of the nobility and gentry to the following valuable properties, all of which will shortly be disposed of by auction, unless previously sold by private treaty.

(I.) *A Volcanic Island in the Western Pacific.*—This charming plot, consisting of a square acre of rock, 250 miles from the nearest mainland, is celebrated not only for the extensive views which it commands, but for the fact that, owing to the action of a submarine volcano, it is almost certain to disappear entirely within a few years' time. On this account its purchaser would probably let it at a high rent to any of his enemies. It would also be a very advantageous acquisition for a novelist wishing to dispose of his villain in a sensational manner. Cards to view it (unless it should have disappeared in the

meantime) may be obtained from the auctioneers.

(II.) *An Estate in Asia Minor.*—It is needless to give the exact locality; the important feature of this property is that scarcely a day passes without its being subjected to earthquakes of a most violent kind. The hurricanes, too, are considered by experts to be absolutely unrivalled. The estate may be bought outright, or may be rented from February to June, during which period the earthquake season is at its height. We need scarcely point out how desirable a residence this would be for elderly ladies of weak nerves, while it is unanimously agreed that it would be impossible to pass a dull day there. For the seismologist the locality offers special advantages, and it would be an excellent home for amateur architects. They would have the pleasure of designing a new house for themselves at least once a month.

(III.) *Four Acres of valuable Freshold Land in the Middle of the Sahara.*—Com-

plaint is often made of the overgrown character of modern estates. But this property is absolutely perfect in this respect, there is not so much as a blade of grass on the whole of it, the air is beautifully dry, and the thermometer in the shade (if there were any) would seldom rise above 130°. The spot is, therefore, peculiarly suitable for invalids. Lions are very plentiful, and there is the occasional society of certain tribes from the interior, who display quaint and amusing cannibalistic tastes. There is no dwelling place erected at present, but a tent would fully suffice for the occupier, and it could easily be exchanged, if desired, for the interior of a lion. The spot has been viewed, and is strongly recommended by H. RIDDE HAGGARD, Esq., and H. M. STANLEY, Esq.

(IV.) *An attractive Iceberg (at present) in the Neighbourhood of Greenland.*—An ideal home for those desiring change of scene, as an iceberg travels many miles in the summer season. Charming variety is also afforded by the fact that its size changes from day to day, and it might even disappear entirely in an abnormally hot summer. All the valuable sporting rights—including whale-fishing and seal-shooting—will pass with the property. The drainage system is perfect, sea-bathing may be had (at the cost of a little dynamite), and the whole estate is lighted by the Aurora borealis. The mail system, which is carried out by messages enclosed in sealed bottles, is slightly irregular; but it is hoped that a balloon-post may be established before long. Dr. NANSEN would also probably arrange for direct voyages on it to the North Pole for a very moderate fee.

It will be seen that no finer collection of properties than the above has been offered to the public for many years; and we feel confident that those who purchase them will be delighted with their bargains.

NEW POLITICAL SONG.

*Sung by Lord Rosebery at Huddersfield.
(See Daily Chronicle, March 30.)*

AIR—"Oh! Say not women's heart is bought."

Oh! Say not coronets are bought
With vain and empty treasures!
Oh! Say not peerages are caught
By any doubtful measures!
Though Liberals may loathe a lord,
Let not the world mistake them:
For virtue's guerdon and reward
They've made, and still will make them.

Oh! Say not that a peer's untrue,
That like the bee he changes,
Still seeking flowers sweet and new
His fickle fancy ranges.
Oh no! Such foolish doubts as these
Will make us falter never!
No other Party e'er could please:
He's Liberal for ever!

IMPORTANT HISTORICAL MEM.—It is understood that our Gentle Jacobites, who roar like any sucking-dove for the "Return of the Stuarts," do not include in their platonically treasonable plans the "return" (to the County Council) of the Great Progressive and anti-Water-Company Paladin, and ex-Professor, well known in Parliament and Spring Gardens.

PARADOX FOR PUTNEY.—A Parliamentary Bill is utterly unlike an University Eight, seeing that it is never certain of success until it is passed.

CAPITAL NAME FOR AN ANTI-PROGRESSIVE COUNTY COUNCILLOR.—On-slow.





OUR "OLYMPIC"
PARLIAMENTARY ATHLETES

ND CHARIVARI.—APRIL 11, 1896.



MPIC GAMES."

ATHLETES AT WESTMINSTER.

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FIGURES OF FUN.

[The revenue returns for the financial year 1895-6 show amazing and unexpected results. The total sum actually raised amounted to £106,338,946, as against £101,697,304, so returned for the previous financial year.]

Impenurious Ratepayer loquitur:—

O DEAR, and O dear! What a wonderful year!
This beats DRYDEN's *Annus Mirabilis*,
And yet here am I with my half-pint o' beer,
Simply penniless, pipeless, and cabbyless!
These be figures of fun! And my funds will
not run

To a cab to my den o'er the water.
I must crawl home and plod half the night
with my pen,
In order to square my "last quarter"!

Seven-six-four-two-six-four-two!!! There's
a nice sum,

To tot up the revenue's swelling!
HICKS-BRACH will be able to make the thing
hum.

Complacently now he'll be dwelling
On HAROURT's Death Duties they slated so
much.

But which now redound to their glory.
With such a nice little nest-egg in their
clutch,

By Jove, who would not be a Tory?

Over thirty-six millions for last quarter's
pile!

Oh! HAROURT, I just wish to heaven you
Would give me the tip how to make fortune
smile

On my twopenny-halfpenny revenue.
Returns? My returns swell the Govern-
ment's till;

I pay, not receive, rates and taxes.
I hope I wish well to my country, but still
It is not my income that waxes.

My income-tax does though! And then I
suppose
Statisticians proclaim my "prosperity,"

As one of the class whose emolument grows.
I wish, how I wish, 'twas a verity!
Each quarter with me is far worse than the
last,

However, I trudge it and drudge it.
Expenditure outruns my earnings so fast,
No surplus e'er crowneth my Budget.

Well, well, I'm a "patriot," though I am
poor,

And so I must keep up my pecker.
But if taxes were less and my takings were
more,

'Twould vastly improve my Exchequer.
I envy both HAROURT and HICKS-BRACH no
end,

When Surpluses swell in this manner;
Whilst I, for a "bus-fare, must hunt up some
friend,

And—endeavour to borrow a "tanner"!

Colourable.

"THE Education Bill in Black and White;"—
That was the *Daily Chronicle's* capital
"head."

But School Boards saw that Bill in a "Blue"
light,

When that same Bill was "Re(a)d"!

MEM. FOR "MODERATES."—Improvement
Committees sometimes need—improvement.

PARADOXICAL, BUT TRUE.—All Great Powers
have their little weaknesses.

NEW NAME FOR IT (after Italy's Abyssinian
reverse).—The Cripple Alliance.



"OI TELL YEZ OI WILL NOT CLANG OUT ME CELL. OI'D LAVE THE JAIL FURST!"

HER "BEDSIDE MANNA."

[“Modern practitioners are too prone to order the attendance of a trained nurse for the slightest illness. . . . Women are complaining of their banishment by doctors from the sick-rooms of their friends.”—“*Vera*” in *Lady's Pictorial*.]

Who dawnd on me, a sick-room star,
And shielded me from fret and jar,
When down with bronchial catarrh?
My Nursey!

Who's was the hand that gave me pap,
And smoothed my pillows with a slap,
So captivating in her esp?
My Nursey!

Who, when I'm seedy, lissed bring,
Makes poultices, and broths, and things,
An angel—one, alas, with wings!
My Nursey!

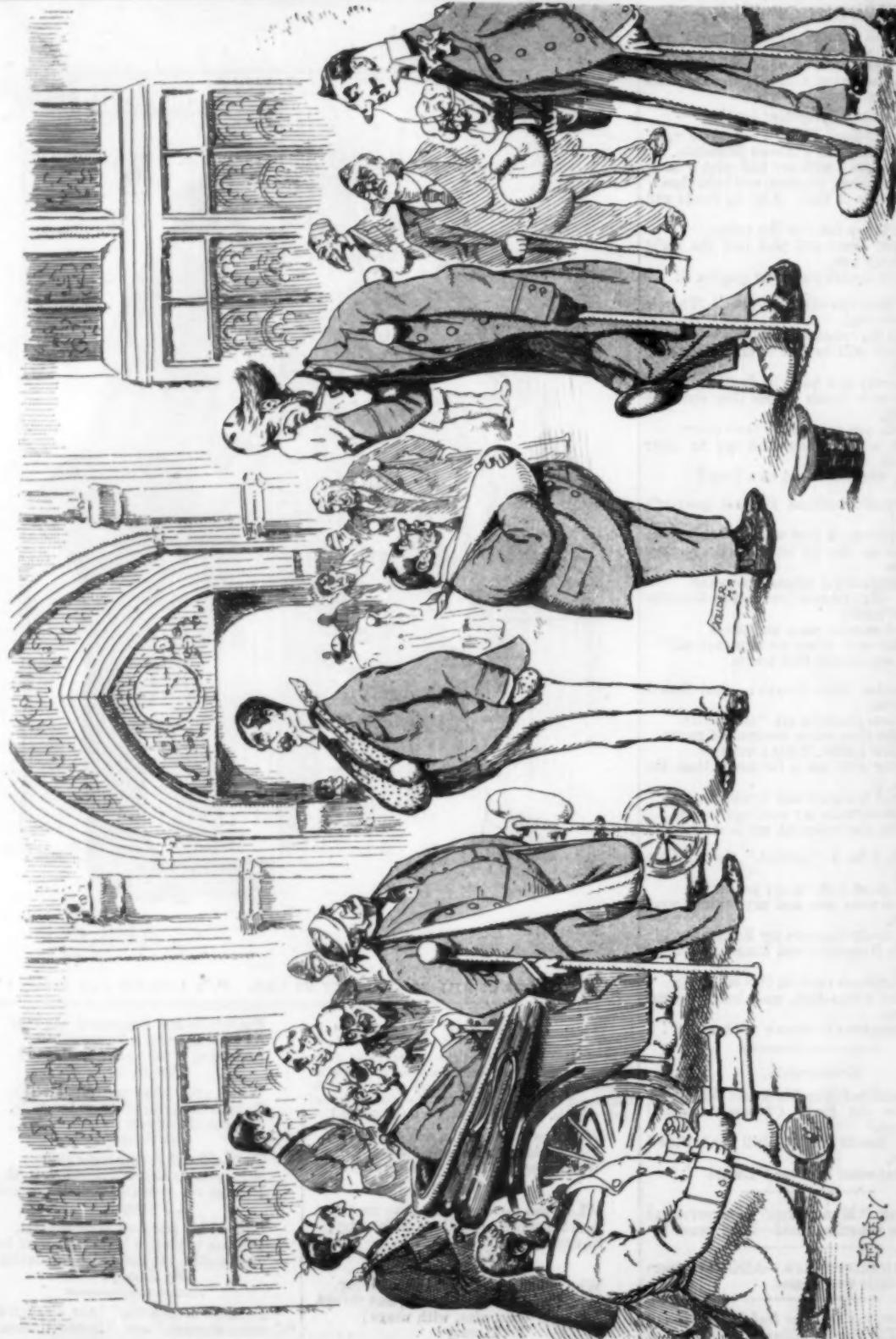
But who is now denounced ke mad
As making worse a business bad,
And being a mere physician's fad?
That Nursey!

Who's said, when maladies are rife,
To take the place of daughter, wife,
And out of patients soar the life?
The Nursey!

To families that cheapness seek
Who seems a doctor's senseless freak
Because she costs two pounds per week?
A Nursey!

Still, of her praises I'll be shanter,
Because when ill I'm sure to want her,
That costly, needless, nice supplanter—
My Nursey!

"FOREIGN RELATIONS" (NOT FRANCE'S).—
"Cousins-German" and "Dutch-Uncles."

**DEPLORABLE RESULT OF THE EASTER RECESS.**

HON. MEMBERS HAVE BEEN FIRED TO REGULATE THE SPORTING PERFORMANCES OF THE FIRST LORD OF THE TREASURY. THESE VIEWS ON CYCLING AND GOLF ARE FOR THE MOST PART UNPARLIAMENTARY.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TORY, M.P.

*House of Commons, Tuesday, March 31, 4.50 A.M.—Just going home with the milk. Been at it since House met at 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon. "The kettle began it," as it is written in *The Cricket on the Hearth*. The kettle in this case represented by SQUIRE OF MALWOOD. It was JEMMY LOWTHER who suggested the appellation. When last night PRINCE ARTHUR moved to appropriate Tuesday's sitting for Education Bill, SQUIRE made terrible onslaught on him, accusing him of muddling business of House.*

"I have no wish," said JEMMY, with that magnificently judicial air that used to awe the court in the famous Jockey Club arbitration, "to interpose in differences of opinion which partake largely of the nature of those alleged to exist between the kettle and the pot."

Kettle (the SQUIRE) called the pot black; the pot (PRINCE ARTHUR) retorted with great vigour that the SQUIRE was another.

This smart enough while it lasted. Another burst of liveliness when GROOM CURZON spoke disrespectfully of the CAP'EN. Even accused him of repeating his speeches. Told little story how, finding the CAP'EN had on Orders of the day motion calling attention to Treaty engagements with Turkey, he had turned up Hansard, read the old Salt's speech of last year, and, since it was repeated last night, found the task of answering it easy.

"Sir," said the CAP'EN, hailing the SPEAKER in voice of thunder, "I will not be misrepresented, even by a right honourable gentleman of the ability and pretensions of him who sits below me."

"Beautiful!" cried CAWMELL-BANNERMAN, smiling approval. "TOMMY is nothing if not nautical. See how, in the House of Commons, he recalls the manner of speech of *Peter Simple's* friend, Chucks the boatswain, who, you remember, when he was most aggravated, talked in most frigidly polite terms."

After midnight, and all through the night, darkness profound. Welsh Members to the fore. But they can't do the thing as the Irish used when JOSEPH GILLIS was still with us. Member for Mid-Cork came back as a bad TANNER proverbially does. Began several speeches; always stopped by SPEAKER; finally ordered to resume his seat; obliged to obey, but not to be debarred from crying out "Ho! ho!" or "Ha! ha!" These remarks occasionally varied by sharp cry of "No!" when someone advanced the affirmative. Kept his eye on the SPEAKER all the time, ready to bolt in case of red. SPEAKER ignored his existence. This unkindest cut of all!

"Nice state of things we're coming to," said TANNER, angrily. "SPEAKER won't even suspend a fellow. Shall chuck this up, and in the County Council."

Business done.—Naval Works Bill read third time.

Tuesday afternoon.—JOHN of Gonson, time-honoured Cambridge man, brought in Education Bill. Explained clauses in speech that was a model of lucidity. Nothing I fit unsaid, and all said in a few minutes over the hour. Speech as adroit in argument as it was finished in style.

"Good gracious!" said SARK, who doesn't often indulge in the weakness of strong language. "Have often heard talk about Tories being the stupid Party. It's a cheap sneer; but really, when I think of how they've wasted their opportunities with JOHN or Gonson, I begin to think there's something in it. Give JOHN his chance, and he'd show reason why we should have a holiday. So



THE POETICAL TEMPERAMENT.

"THERE WERE AT LEAST A THOUSAND BOATS ON THE ROUND POND WHEN I WAS HERE IN THE SUMMER, AUNTY SYLVIA, AND NOW THERE ISN'T ONE!"

"HARDLY A THOUSAND, GEOFREY!"

"OH, WELL! EXAGGERATING, QUITE A THOUSAND, YOU KNOW!"

himself what a few have always recognised in him—one of the deftest, cleverest Parliamentary Hands of the day. But, somehow or other, he's always been shown into a back seat;

There will be good deal of scrambling over Bill on second reading and in Committee, but as JOHN or Gonson walked up the floor bringing it in cheering unanimous and hearty.

Treasury Bench not deceived by this demonstration. Know it was a tribute to the man, not a note of approval of the Bill.

"Yes," said WALTER LONG, "we air a piling of it up. This Education Bill will of itself, with ordinary routine business, keep us going for rest of Session. There is the Irish Land Bill to run with it neck and neck, and my modest little measure ordering the slaughter of seaborne cattle at the ports isn't through Committee yet. All the more

ta-ta!" and the Minister for Agriculture went off humming his favourite refrain—

Go call the cattle home,
But ere they cross our fields,
See that with fatal blow
His axe the butcher yields.

Business done—Adjourn till Thursday the 9th for Easter holidays.

AN EQUINE PARADOX.—Our police-court reporter wishes to know whether, in view of a man being described as "a horsey-looking gent," it would be equally correct to allude to a lady as a "Mary-looking female"?

"HE WAS VERY GOOD TO ME HE WOAH."—Prince FERDINAND of Bulgaria says that the SULTAN has never wavered to him in kindness. Clearly a case of *cheri* and *porte*.

JOTTINGS AND TITTLINGS.

(BY BABOO HURRY BUNGSHO JARRELLEREE, B.A.)

No. IX.

How he saw the practice of the University Crews, and what he thought of it.

THE notorious Intercollegian Boat-race of this *anno Domini* will be obsolete and *ex post facto* by the time of publication of the present instalment of jots and tittles, still I am sufficiently presumptive to

think that the cogitations and personal experiences of a cultivated, thoughtful native gentleman on this corulean topic may not be found so stale and dry as the remainder of a biscuit.

First I will make a clean bosom with the confession that, though ardently desirous to witness such a Titianic struggle for the *cordon bleu* of old Father Antic the Thames, I was not the actual spectator of the affair, being previous to instantaneity and paltry.

However, on acquainting my kind and patronising father, Hon'ble Punch, of my disappointment, he did benevolently propose, as a *pis aller* and blind bargain, a voyage in the steam launchboat of the official coachman of one of the crews so that I might ascertain how the trick was done.

And at 10 A.M. on the day of assignation I presented myself at the riparian premises of a certain Boating Society, and, on exhibiting my letter of credit to the Mentor or Corypheus aforesaid, was received *a bras ouverts* and with an urbane offhandness.

After I had hung fire and cooled my heels on the banks for a while, I was instructed to enter a skiff, which conveyed me and others to a steamship of very meagre dimensions, whereupon, owing to the heel of one of my Japan leather shoes becoming implicated in the wire railing that circumvented the deck, I was embarked in a horizontal attitude, and severely deteriorated the tall chimneypot hat which I had assumed to do credit to the hon'ble periodical I represented. (*Note bene*. Hatmaker's bill for renovating same, rs. two-and-a-half—which those to whom it is of concern will please attend to and refund.)

On recovery of my head-gear and equanimity, I stationed myself in close proximity to the officiating coach for purpose of being on the threshold of inquiries, and proceeded to pop numerous questions to my neighbours. I ascertained, among other things, that the vessels are called "eights," owing to their containing nine passengers; that the ninth is called the "cock," and is a mere supernumerary or understudent, in case any member of the crew should be overcome by sickness during the contest and desire to discontinue.

It appears that the race is of religious and ceremonious origin, for only "good men" are permitted to compete, and none who is a wine drunkard, a gluttonous, or addicted to any form of tobacco. Moreover, they are to observe a strict fast and abstinence for many weeks previous to the ordeal. The most prominent ecclesiastics and Judges of the Supreme Court are usually chosen from this class of individuals, which is a further proof of the sanctimoniousness attached to the competition.

Consequently I was the more surprised at the disrespectful superciliousness of their *Fidus Achates* or dry nurse, who, stretching himself upon his stomach in the prow, did shout counsels of perfection at his receding pupils.

Such criticisms as I overheard seemed to me of a very puerile and captious description, and some of an appropria personality, e.g., as when a certain oarman was taunted with being short—as though he were capable of adding the cubic inch to his stature!

Another I heard advised to keep his visual organs in the interior of the boat, though, being ordinary optics and not at all of a vitreous composition, they could not be removable by volition. Again, a third was reproached because of the lateness with which he had made his beginning; but, as it was not asserted that he was inferior to the rest, the tardiness of his initiation was surely rather honourable than disgraceful!

I observed that said trainer did stickle almost prudishly for propriety, being greatly shocked at the levity with which the rowers

were attired, and entreating them to keep their buttons well up, though indeed I could discern none, nor was there much which was humanly possible to be buttoned.

For myself, I must make the humble complaint that the Hon'ble Coach was defective in courteous attention to my inquisitiveness, which he totally ignored. For I could not prevail upon him to explain what thing it was that he directed the oarsmen to "wait for," to "spring at from a stretcher," and "catch at the beginning"; nor why they were forbidden to row with their hands, not being quadrumanous, and able to employ their feet in such a manner; nor whether, when he commanded them to "get in at ones," he intended them to leap into the waters or to return to the landing-place, nor why they did neither of these things; nor why he should express satisfaction that a certain rower had got rid of a lofty feather, which would indubitably have added to the showiness of his appearance.

Again, hearing him anxiously inquire the time after a stoppage, I was proceeding to explain how gladly I would have given him such information, but for the unavoidable absence of my golden chronometer, owing to the failure of Messrs. TOMKINS and JOHNSON to restore the same, whereupon he treated me in such a "please-go-away-and-die" sort of style that I subsisted with utmost alacrity.

On the return voyage the Collegiate eight was challenged to a spurring match by a scratch'd crew, which appeared to me to be the superior in velocity, though it seemed it was then too late to make the happy exchange.

When the practice was at an end and the Blues in a state of quiescence, I intimated my desire to harangue them and express my wonderment and admiration at beholding them content to suffer such hardships and perils and faultfinding without expectation or excuses for their shortcomings, and all for no pecuniary recompence, but the evasive reward of a *nominis umbra*. And I would have reminded them of the extended popularity of their performance, and that it was an unfairness to muzzle the ox that treadeth upon one's corn, appealing to them to stand up for their rights, and refuse to compete except for the honorarium of a *quid pro quo*.

But the official instructor, seeing me about to climb upon the poop, to deliver my oration, entreated me with so much earnestness to desist that I became immediately aphorous.

M.P. EMPTY, OR WHAT IT MAY COME TO.

(A Hint from the Bench at the services of Possible Candidates for Parliament, to be used in the Future.)

[“The expense of this inquiry is really most burdensome. A contested election is nothing to the expense of an inquiry like this.”—Mr. Baron Pollock, March, 1896.]

ALL was joy. The Newly Elected received congratulations on every side. The months of toil, the years of rhetoric, had brought their reward. No more the doubt of pleasing the majority of the constituents. No more the fear of a false step on the chosen platform. The returning officer had done his work satisfactorily. There had been no mistake about the counting. The return had been made. The roll had been signed. The right-hand of the Speaker had been cordially grasped, and warmly shaken.

It was at this moment that a knock was heard. The sound came from the street door.

“More friends with further pleasant speeches,” murmured the Newly Elected. “Well, well, it is delightful to know that my happiness is a source of joy to others.”

But, alas! it was no friend who had entered the sanctum of the People’s Legislator. He was courteous, but distinctly business-like. In a few moments he made it clear that the object of his visit was to cast a gloom over the happy dream of the hon. gentleman he was professionally interviewing.

“A petition!” exclaimed the Newly Elected. “An inquiry!”

The visitor bowed and silently took his departure.

For a moment the People’s Legislator was lost in a brown study. Then he came to a determination. He sat down and wrote a short letter. He sealed it with a sigh, and handed it to his better half.

“You are writing to the Speaker of the House of Commons. Has he asked you to a full-dress Parliamentary Dinner?”

The Newly Elected smiled sadly and shook his head, then he murmured, with a voice broken with emotion, “It is better as it is.”

“What is better as it is?” was the question.

Then came the reply.

“That I should retire at once. That I should relinquish my career as a legislator. That I should cease to be the chosen representative of the People. Yes, yes, it is wiser that I should accept the Chiltern Hundreds to save the balance at my bankers than to retain Parliamentary honours at the cost of a conceivable invitation to appear in Portugal Street!”

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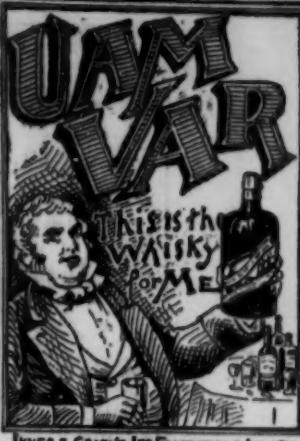
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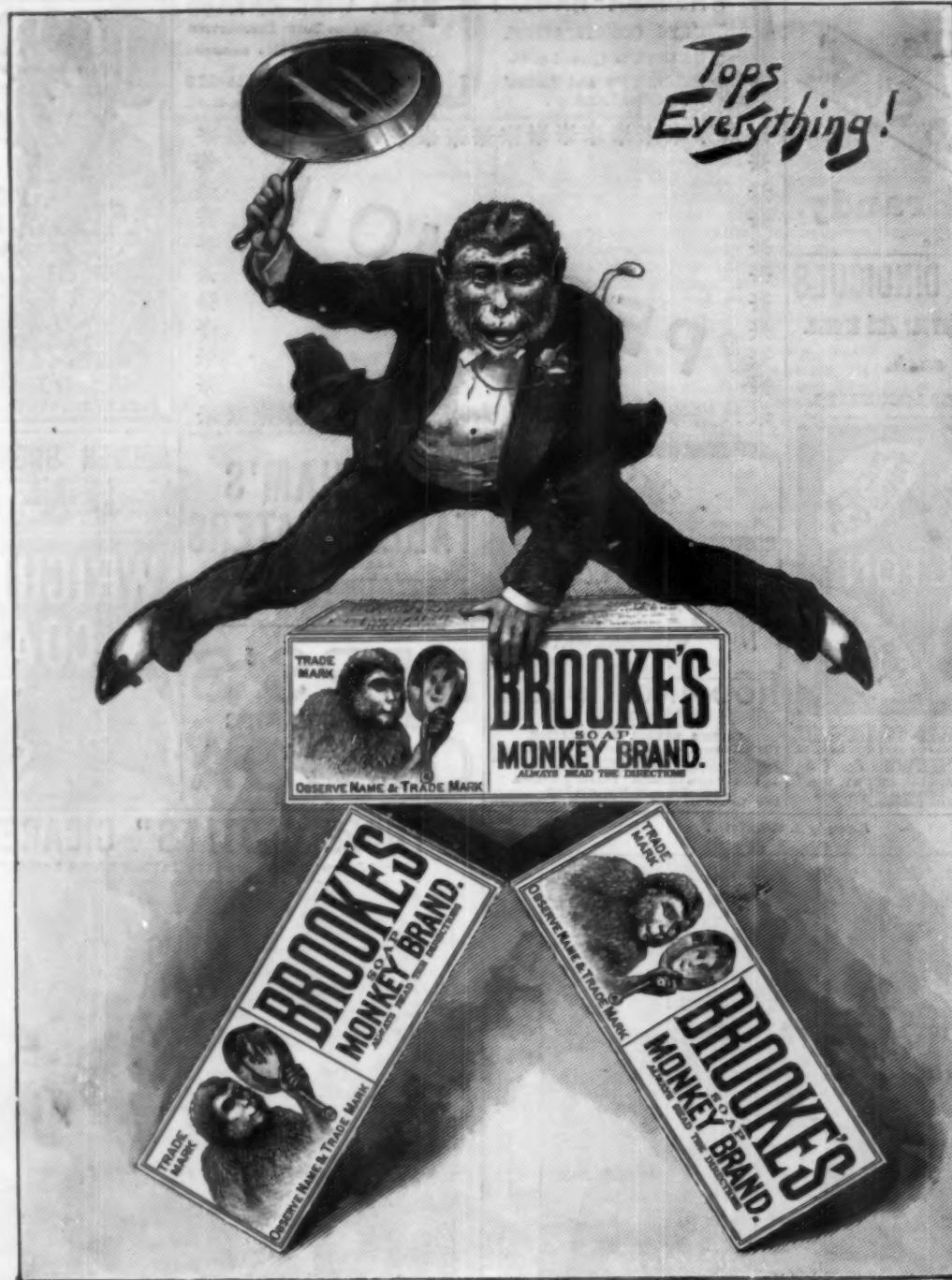


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